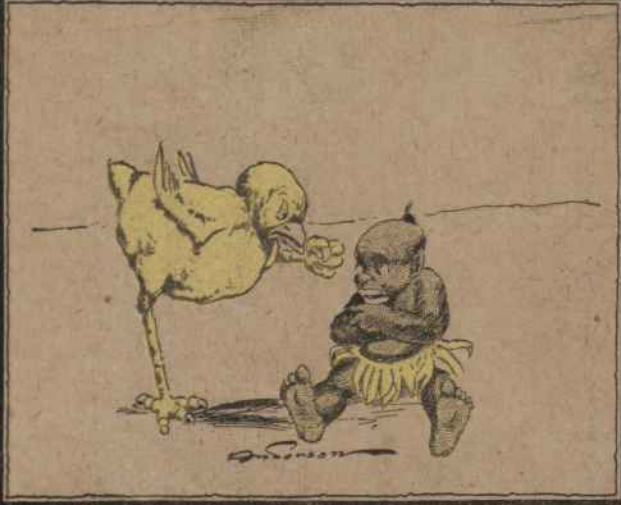




HOW THE FIJI KID CAUGHT THE CHICKEN---NIT.



TAKEN AT THE RATE OF A MILLION A MINUTE.

His Remarks.

"Er-h'm! Gentlemen of the jury," began Squire Peavy, a moss-grown but shrewd old Arkansas Justice of the Peace, near the close of the trial of a citizen who was accused of embezzling a hog, "if you believe what the lawyer for the defence has said, you will be convinced that the prisoner is, to all intents and purposes, except for his whiskers and the fact that he stutters, an angel of light, a philanthropist and an ornament to any community, who would not know a hog when he saw it, let alone stealin' one."

"If you believe what the lawyer for the prosecution has stated, you will be apt to lose sight of the hog altogether and convict the prisoner of murder in the first degree, arson, bank robbery and piracy on the high seas, and finish your work by hangin' him on the tallest tree in the township. But if you are like me, and don't believe much that either of 'em has said, and personally know the prisoner as I do, to be a good-natured but shuckless feller, who wouldn't steal anything unless he had a first-rate chance, and don't consider that the testimony has shown that he had a particularly good chance, I don't know what in tunkett you'll do unless you agree to disagree and go fishin'."

An Accommodating Swain.

"Swear that you love me alone!" she whispers, hiding her face upon his manly breast. "I swear it," he answers passionately. "Furthermore, I swear that not only do I love you alone, but even when there are others present!"

An Unexpected Obstacle.

"Lynch him! Lynch him!" The cry goes up from a thousand throats like the roar of a wild beast thirsting for blood.

With incredible swiftness the desperado is tightly bound and carried to a convenient tree. Then the leader of the vigilants, his features distorted with hatred and the lust for vengeance, prepares to adjust the noose around the culprit's neck.

At that moment the doomed wretch whispers something in the leader's ear. To the complete astonishment of all present, the latter drops the rope as though he were stung and bursts into a flood of tears. As soon as he can speak he addresses the bewildered crowd as follows:

"My friends, I cannot do it—I cannot have his blood upon my hands! Yes, you may well look amazed, but I am perfectly sane. I am aware that this man is a cold-blooded assassin, a very fiend in human shape. But he has just informed me that he rides the Lulu wheel, and that make, gentlemen—here the speaker's voice becomes choked with emotion—is the one I ride myself."

FAITH.

HE—What's faith in man? (I mean no hurt; I only ask to try you, sweet.) SHE—Why, to believe there is a shirt 'neath every ascot tie you meet.

Modern Philanthropy.

"John, dear?" "Yes, love!" "Are you through with these trousers?" "All through, and never want to see them again." "They are pretty badly worn." "Yep; not a button on them—one leg gone—all frizzled at the seat—generally dilapidated." "No possible use you can make of them at all then, is there?" "Unless we can rig up a scarecrow to frighten away bill collectors."

"Well, then, dear, I am going to give them away to some poor, deserving man. Our rector delivered such a striking sermon last Sunday on charity that I have been longing to do something for the needy ever since."

"You are a dear, noble woman, my sweet little wife! Now, I would never have thought of that. But business cares soon callous a man."

A Mean Musician.

JAY GREEN—Lyman Sawyer is the meanest man in the county! Got-fry him, he's a durned sight worse than a pirate!

JOSH MEDDERS—Is that so? Why, I never knew him to do anything worse than to be everlastin'ly fiddlin'.

JAY GREEN—That's it! He asked me to give him my honest opinion of his fiddlin', an' when I did so he had me arrested for usin' profane language!

A GOOD SHOT.



The Approved Method.

SHE—Men are fonder of kissing than women. HE—Naturally. See the difference in the object to be kissed.

Right Kind.

TOM—My brother is an interior decorator. DICK—Artist? TOM—No, bartender.

Other Notes.

SPICK—You say that fellow next door has nearly all his notes protested. I suppose he's about on the verge of bankruptcy? SPAN—Oh no; he's a member of the Oh Hush Quartet.

A Ghesterfield.

CHIMMY—Help me out, Fozie. Dis new boy dat's come ter town kin lick me an' wants ter do it. FOXIE—Toll 'im ter go git a reppertation.

They Read the Papers.

"What place," asked the Sunday school teacher, "has streets paved with gold?" And every little pupil shouted, "Klondike."

THINGS NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.



1. "My goodness, what is that funny creature coming down the street?"



2. But it was only Mirriviili, the sculptor, with his latest illustration to "Il Pagliacci."

The Prevalent Fashion.

FARMER HAYRICK (distressedly)—Wotcher wanten git a divorce fer, Mandy? Hain't I allus treated yer right?

HIS WIFE (discontentedly)—Thet yer hev, Silas, an' I stan' willin' ter give a recommend, but yer see, it's this way, I wanten be like other people.

Often the Cause.

MISSUGLIMUGGE—How dare you address me, sir! You've evidently made a mistake in the person.

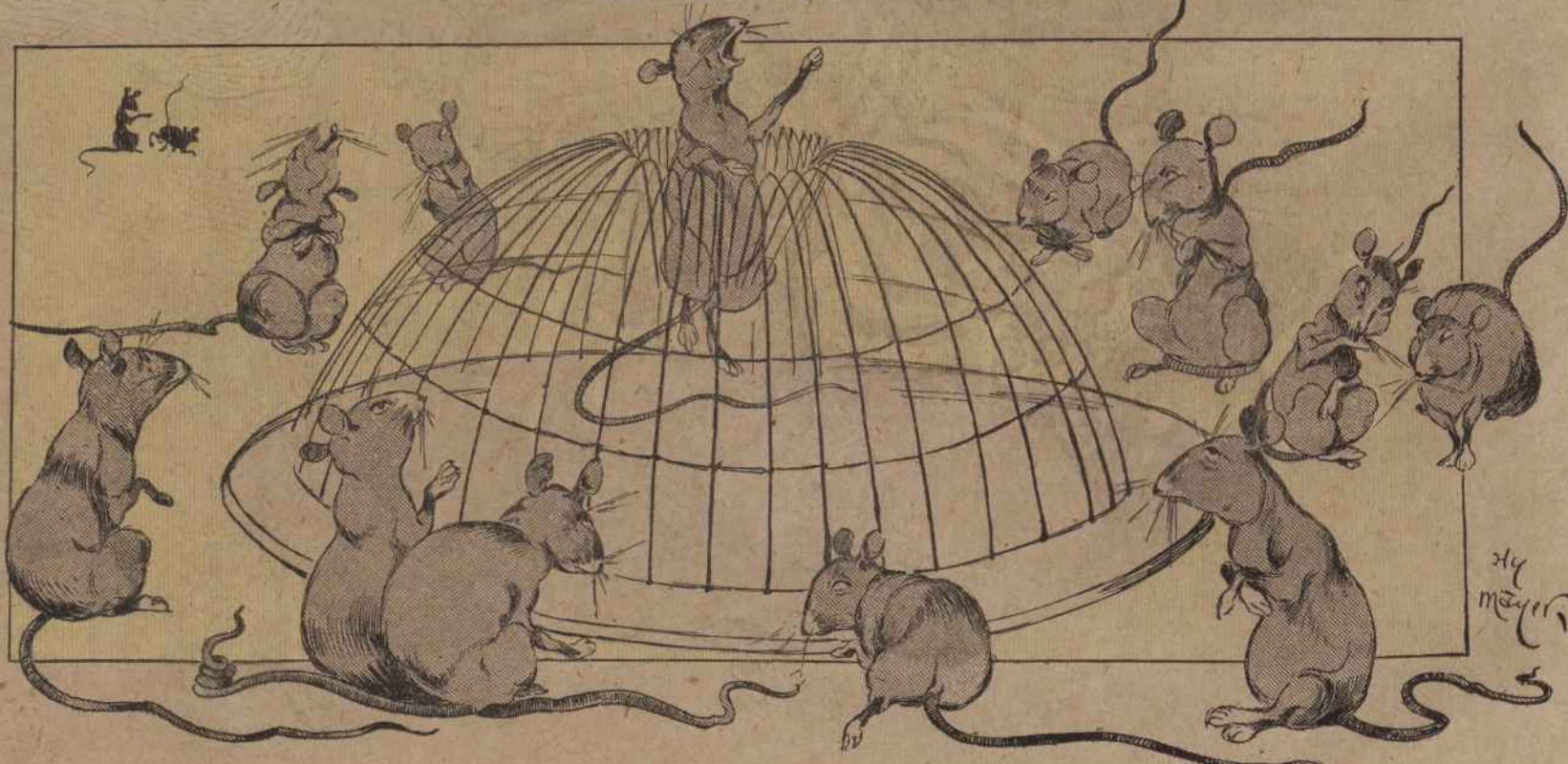
DASHERLY—You bet I did. But then your back view isn't half bad.

Wanted to Finish It.

SECRETARY—Stayer, the murderer, asks for a reprieve of thirty days.

GOVERNOR—Why? SECRETARY—He wants to finish Vestibule Walkenstick's continued story, "The Sinner," in the Nickel Out Magazine, and it ends next month.

A LECTURE ON LIBERTY.



"Oh, my friends, beware of temptations!"